



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

—MADE FROM GRAPES—

Of greatest healthfulness and usefulness. No alum or phosphate acids

Absolutely PURE

The Woman That Hustled

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.)

For several years the new church at Hawesville remained unpainted and without a cupola. It was owned jointly by the Methodists and the Baptists. One day the widow Larkins set the ball a-rolling with a view of getting the work done. Not a hint escaped her that she was working for an object. It was eight months later that carpenters began work and it was learned who had raised the money.

The painters followed the carpenters, and the second coat was hardly dry when the bell arrived and was hoisted into position. There was a grand turnout for the first Sunday. The ministers of both denominations were to occupy the pulpit, and there would be "talks" instead of sermons. To the amazement of everybody who looked over the assemblage the widow Larkins was not present. It was known that she was home, and no one had heard that she was ill, and what had kept her away no one could guess. After the service Parson Turner wended his way to her house to solve the problem. He found her in tears, and the more solicitous he was the more tears she shed. There is an end to even woman's tears, however, and by and by the widow wiped hers away and controlled her voice and said:

"I am glad you came. I have a confession to make. There are several things that weigh on my conscience, and that was the reason I was not at service this morning. Parson, you know I set out all alone to get that carpenter work done."

"I know, and it was a brave thing of you."

"I owned a kicking cow. It was known to everybody in the village that she was a kicker. She has kicked over more of her milk than was ever saved. I would have been glad to sell her for \$10. One day a man came along from Cherry Hill, and I sold her to him for \$17. I never said a word about her kicking. That \$17 bought the first lumber. Do you think I can ever be forgiven for my sin?"

"Um! Um!" said the parson to himself. "You were not asked if the cow kicked?"

"No."

"Well, I shouldn't worry much. It is quite possible that with other surroundings she may cease to kick at all."

"I owned two spotted hogs," continued the widow. "They were running around the village for a year and were several times complained of as nuisances."

"Yes; they rooted up my garden last spring."

"Well, a hog buyer came along one day and offered me \$3 apiece for them. He drove them away after dark. When he paid me he paid for three spotted hogs instead of two. He must have driven away one belonging to others. I didn't notice the mistake until the drover was gone, and then I did not run after him. I turned that odd hog into more lumber."

"Um! Um! I can't exactly see how you can be held responsible for the hog buyer being nearsighted. You might have run after him and explained that he had paid you for an extra hog, but you didn't think of it until too late. I should say that every hog removed from our village to some distant sphere was a distinct gain for us. A hog in a mudhole is a nuisance; a hog turned into a cupola of a church is a joy forever."

"You know I went to Chicago about three months ago. I have some worldly relatives there. When I told them of the work I was engaged in they

were much interested. My brother-in-law insisted that I put \$10 on the races on a ten to one shot. I was induced against my will to do it, and my horse came in ahead. I got \$100 in cash, and that went into the cupola. I am feeling now that it was the greatest sin of all."

"Well, I don't know," mused the parson. "You did not bet through any sordid motive?"

"No. I had the cupola in mind all the time."

"You didn't see any of the horses abused or urged beyond their strength?"

"No. They really appeared to enjoy it. It was the first time in all my life that I ever bet on a horse race, and I—"

"Um! Of course the principle of horse racing is wrong—very wrong—but there are occasions when an innocent person may be persuaded against his own judgment. You did not go to Chicago to bet on the race?"

"Oh, no, no, no! I didn't know that such a thing was contemplated."

"It was your brother-in-law who suggested that you lay a wager?"

"It was."

"And you showed a proper reluctance for a time?"

"I did."

"Well, I don't think the sin is unforgivable. Besides, the money has gone into the cupola and can't be separated from the rest. Is there anything more?"

"There—there is!" groaned the widow as her tears began to fall again.

"You didn't attend a prize fight, I hope?"

"No. I was not so lost as that. My brother-in-law came home one morning and asked how much money I lacked to finish the cupola. I counted up and found it was \$12. He laughed and threw me over the money."

"That was very kind of him," mused the parson.

"No, QUAD."

"Fountain table piece."

The fountain table center is an attractive novelty. A slender jet of water, sparkling in the electric light, plays from a bowl in the center of the table, a true miniature fountain.

THE ROSE BOWL FOUNTAIN.

and falls on a bed of roses, the fairy spray clinging to the petals like dew. It is a singularly refreshing and cooling ornament. The fountain is charged with compressed air by means of a cycle pump and, a tap being turned, plays for about two hours, an opening in the bowl preventing overflow. The novelty received a gold medal at the Brussels exposition last year.

Our Coins. No man's head appears on any United States coin.

The Pamirs. The Pamirs, sometimes called the "Roof of the World," consist of a number of bleak plateaus and shallow valleys situated about 13,000 feet above sea level. They lie to the north of India.

Want a nerve tonic? - Ask your doctor. Want a blood purifier? - Ask your doctor. Want a strong alternative? - Ask your doctor. Want a family medicine? - Ask your doctor. Want it without alcohol? - Ask your doctor. Want Ayer's Sarsaparilla? - Ask your doctor.

Ask your doctor all about Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla. Then you will know whether you want it or not.

NOT TO BLOCK-ADE CASTRO

European Nations Will Not Join Holland

THEY CONSENT, HOWEVER

To Give Their Moral Support—Venezuelan Attitude Puzzles the Dutch—Cannot Take Action Pending Answer to Note

The Hague, Oct. 7.—The Netherlands government was yesterday notified by the governor of Curacao that the second Netherlands note had been presented to Jose de Jesus Paul, the Venezuelan minister of foreign affairs. The Netherlands recently approached the European Powers and suggested combined action against Venezuela, but although they all consented to give their moral support, not one of them was willing actively to participate in a blockade. Official opinion seems inclined rather to economic reprisals.

President Heemskerk in a statement yesterday said that as yet no official reply had been received from Baron von Seckendorff, the German minister at Caracas, which has charge of the Dutch interests in that country, relative to the attitude of President Castro either toward receiving the second Dutch note or to answering it. "Until the intentions of President Castro are known," said the premier, "it will be impossible for our government to decide definitely upon the future course of action. Holland is ready to face any situation." The president concluded by saying that while diplomatically Holland has the support of all the Powers, she is trusting especially to the sympathy of the United States.

CASTRO SERIOUSLY ILL. Government May Soon Have to Be Turned Over to Vice-President.

Willemstad, Curacao, Oct. 7.—It is reported here from Venezuela that President Castro is seriously ill and that the government of Venezuela probably soon will have to be turned over to the vice-president of that republic.

AMUSEMENT NOTES

Edgar Selwyn in "Pierre of the Plains" at Barre Opera House.

At the opera house this (Wednesday) evening Henry B. Harris will present Edgar Selwyn in "Pierre of the Plains," the stage version of Sir Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and His People." There are very few readers who are not acquainted with the fascinating stories of



EDGAR SELWYN in "Pierre of the Plains."

"Pierre and His People." There are goers of this city are assured of an exceptionally fine stage presentation in the announcement that Mr. Selwyn has written the play. The chief characters in the book have been retained for the stage story, the comedy element being elaborated, and many realistic and novel stage effects being introduced. The scenes are laid respectively at Gailbraith's road house, near the Montana border line; at Little Elk Cacho; and at the sanctuary of the plains. The action of the play occupying two days.

"Human Hearts."

So strong an impression did "Human Hearts" make upon a prominent clergyman in New York, that he wrote to the gentleman impersonating "Tom Logan," vigorously endorsing the play and informing him of his intention of trotting all the orphans of a local asylum out to see it at his own expense. And he did it.

"You cannot conceive," said Manager Nankville, "of the appreciation of these youngsters at the change of sermon thus afforded them, unless you had listened to that gallery the day they attended." "With the 'gods' present," he continued, "as I have myself enjoyed sitting through it, it was as enjoyable as a box of monkeys sprinkled over with tears. Quite often since, have city schools, whose principals were aware of the great merit in the play, been given a half holiday, that the youngsters might enjoy a matinee. And what out-spoken critics the tots have been! You can't get a favorable criticism or a padded eulogy for love of money from a juvenile. You must give him the goods, or he denounces you broadcast, and I am grateful to the tots of America for their appreciation of what all now agree to be one of the best American plays."

"Human Hearts" comes to the opera house next Saturday, matinee and night.

PRINTERS FIGHT WHITE PLAGUE

Their Exhibit at Tuberculosis Congress, Especially Outdoor Tent, Brings Praise.

Washington, Oct. 7.—At the International Tuberculosis Congress the exhibit of the International Typographical Union from the Printers' Home at Colorado Springs, Col., has attracted much attention and received great praise from visiting delegates and the medical fraternity in general.

Dr. Livingston Farrand of New York, executive secretary of the National association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, yesterday asked Superintendent Charles Deacon to present the model tent of the printers' exhibit to his association so that it may be added to the travelling exhibit shown by the National association in the various cities of the country in connection with illustrated lectures designed to educate the people to the necessity of engaging in a crusade against tuberculosis.

He explained that the tent was one of the best constructed he had ever seen, and would be a valuable addition to the association's exhibit.

The International Typographical Union has been engaged in the work of caring for its invalid, sick, and aged members for many years. For the last ten years especial attention has been given to the treatment of patients afflicted with tuberculosis. The tent treatment has proved the most valuable. Plenty of fresh air, sunshine, fresh eggs, and milk has been the method and during the last year over 50 per cent of those going to the sanatorium in the first stage of tuberculosis have been cured and discharged able to resume their duties in the business world.

PROPOSED BY CABLE; WEDDED.

Daughter of Late St. Louis Millionaire Married to Lieutenant in German Navy.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—A proposal sent over the Atlantic cable culminated Monday night in the marriage of Miss Adelaide Franz, daughter of the late E. D. Franz, a well known St. Louis millionaire merchant, to Lieutenant Robert Zimmerman, Jr., of the German navy, at the Church of Our Saviour in Chicago.

Five years ago the bride went to Kiel, Germany to study music, and there met the lieutenant. When she returned to the United States two years ago they corresponded. A year ago the bride and her mother, Mrs. Sophie Franz, came to Chicago to live. Two months ago a cablegram flashed across the wires. It was very concise.

"Will you marry me?" it read.

"Yes," came the answer. The date was quickly fixed, and Lieut. Zimmerman obtained a six weeks' leave of absence from his battleship, the Hanover. Last Tuesday he landed in New York. He came immediately to Chicago to prepare for the wedding.

Lieut. Zimmerman is the son of Robert Zimmerman, a millionaire director of the Vulcan Shipbuilding company of Stettin, Germany. He has been in the navy since boyhood, and is second in command of the battleship Hanover. The bride has been prominent in St. Louis and Chicago society for several years. The bride and bridegroom leave to-day for New York City. They will sail for Germany on October 13.

BIG NEW YORK SMUGGLING PLOT

Corals, Cameos, Silks, and Laces From Here Are Seized in Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—Eight thousand dollars' worth of corals, cameos, silks and laces of Italian manufacture are reported to have been seized by the federal authorities in Chicago.

The goods are said to have been smuggled into the United States, and were traced from a steamboat pier in New York to this city. The seizure is connected with the confiscation of several lots of goods in New York within the last few weeks, and special treasury agents believe they are on the trail of a conspiracy involving a dozen or more smugglers and at least three factories in Italy turning out various ornaments and fabrics.

The total value of the goods seized here and in New York is said to be \$20,000. No information concerning the seizures would be given out by the federal authorities last night, and it is believed several arrests are expected.

BEST CATARRH DOCTOR

Has Cured Thousands—Will Cure You or Money Back.

This is the little Hyomei inhaler, the little doctor that has cured many thousands of sufferers from catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, hay fever, coughs, colds and grip.

It is so easy and pleasant to cure yourself with Hyomei. Just pour a few drops in the little inhaler, and breathe it in. The healing, soothing and antiseptic air will reach every nook and cranny of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat; will stop the irritation; almost immediately drive out the foul odor; kill the germs and cure the disease.

"My wife has been using Hyomei for two months for catarrh and pulmonary trouble. She has received more relief and benefit than from any other treatment."

—E. S. Parrett, Jeffersonville, O.

Hyomei cured me of terrible catarrh and buzzing in the head. I could not be without it in the house for a single night. —Mrs. S. P. Fuller, Columbia, S. C.

The Red Cross Pharmacy sell Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei) and guarantee it. A complete outfit, including inhaler, only costs \$1, and an extra bottle of Hyomei, if afterwards needed, will cost but 50 cents.

The Real Biscuit War

is not in the newspapers—not in the use of large ads. We have no wish to compete there.

Our strength lies in our biscuits—made in the world's finest bakery.

Baked in white tile ovens, on the top floor, where all is air and sunshine. Perfected by 70 years of experience.

Sunshine Biscuits

come from the bakery with a thousand windows—built at a cost of \$1,500,000.

The daintiest spot in Boston.

Please compare the biscuits, not the advertising.

Let quality decide who wins.

Austin Biscuit Company, Boston

THE REALM OF FASHION

The Season Calls for Clinging Styles in Garments.

NEWEST SLEEVE MODELS

Princess Frock Stills Popular—Shape of Shoulder an Important Fashion Detail—Fish Net Waist—Dyed to Match Tailored Costumes.

For the winter season we are more than likely to see varieties of the directoire costume, and this will mean clinging styles. It is not many years ago that we had clinging skirts, and girls not very far in their twenties can recall the creaks of the fabrics when they tried to sit in them. But those skirts had a different air



CALLING SUIT.

from the dress which we are wearing now. The present cut is more scanty and of a somewhat different shape, but does not hamper the limbs. The gowns in the drawing well tell the story of the present skirt lines.

A change of season is not likely to give the princess model a setback. As yet no such hint has reached these shores. The big armhole is still seen, and so is the short sleeve, but the woman who is to use a gown made now through the winter will do well to avoid both until their vogue is better established than it is now. The long, close sleeve is the sleeve of the moment. It is the sleeve close from top to wrist that every woman without a

THE DEMON DIRT.

A Fee That Conquers a Number of Women.

Are you under the tyranny of the demon dirt? If you are, break your chains and laugh in the face of your tyrant. Dirt is abominable, and no housewife wants to be called "dirty." Dirt is the natural enemy of the housewife, and no housekeeper is willing to admit that it has mastered her. But while she is busy keeping it from mastering her floors and her windows and her curtains it is having a free and easy time mastering her disposition. Dirt in the abstract cannot be heartily commended, but there are specific cases in which it should at least be winked at.

Isn't the housewife who stands in constant and agonizing dread of the demon dirt among the list of your acquaintances? If she is not, your calling list must be very limited. If you don't know her personally you at least know the type. She has a very clean look herself, especially about the hands, as if from much contact with hot water and soap and possibly a good strong cleaning solution or two besides, but she is particularly noticeable for the troubled look which she constantly wears. You soon come to know this particular troubled look. It is different from the uneasy gaze of the girl who knows her puffs will fall off if she laughs once more or the worried expression of the man who has just lost a lot of money on the stock exchange. It is a long suffering, patient sort of troubled look which says, "I must hurry home, for the downstairs curtains ought to be washed this week, and if I'm not there when Jane sweeps she won't take out the rugs and beat them."

"What's the difference?" you exclaim in vain. "Let her roll the sweeper around for once. It would do just as well." But dear, dear, you find it wouldn't at all—for the dirt does collect so—and again that troubled look becomes more troubled, and you hastily agree that of course it is better to take the rugs out and beat them properly.

Now, all this quest of cleanliness would be very commendable if it could only be properly held in check. But the trouble is that when the mania takes hold of a woman it is liable to grow upon her like the drug habit or the speed craze. The more dirt she puts to rout the more she discovers to be put to rout, and the banishment of the elusive speck of dust becomes the main issue of her life.

It's all right to be a clean housekeeper, a decently respectable, dirt-fearing, order loving housewife, but when the dirt demon owns you and drives you, and when you care more for a shining window than you do for the curl in your hair, and set more store by condition of the floor under the rug than the condition of your nerves and temper when your husband comes home to dinner, then it's time to beware. Things have gone too far, and the demon dirt has a first mortgage on your soul.

For Squeaky Hinges.

The noises of squeaky hinges may be stopped by putting on kerosene oil. Brass beds may be kept in condition by rubbing them once or twice a month with olive oil. The oil should be put on with a soft flannel cloth and rubbed off almost immediately with cheesecloth.

Time and Money. The flowers bloom. Vacation days. Go swiftly by. They heard him murmur. With a sigh: "The days are shorter. 'So am I.'"

—Washington Star.